

LONELINESS

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LONELINESS goes with my chronic disease.

A quiet separation from the outside world occurred — from other people, from places, and from things.

At first its presence devastated me, but this settled down to a quiet emptiness that permeated each moment of my life.

Visitors and acquaintances marvel at my bravery in my dealings with affliction, but they cannot enter my world of unrelenting discomfort.

Contact with others does not dispel this sense of loneliness. It is a miasma that spreads to those about me and they too feel cut off, lonely.

Sometimes I think, “If I could fly”, but even this would be a solitary action.

Is there no room for others in this shell of self-indulgence?

I withdrew slowly from the real world. I am not sure who withdrew from whom, but the separation occurred.

Real life moves so fast; the train has no room for a car with rusty wheels.

I show flashes of life and make occasional ineffective thrusts at the world, but I quickly settle back to contemplation of my personal needs.

Not that I lack for carers, but these are strange hands for such intimacy. But strangers must care for me, lest I add an additional burden to my loved ones.

Oh, how I miss those warm, knowing hands.